The Tremor

Nightrage

Nothing hurts like the truth, a piece of perfidy, a deceitful behaviour,
women's lures, deserted like an empty corpse, an uneasy conscience.Stigmatised in hell, he's puffed up with conceit,
there will come a day of retribution, they're just lost dreams,
cursed to crawl between hypocrites and vain promises,
my heart bleeds.[CHORUS:]
The tremor of leaves in the breeze.You can't weigh up, where does this road lead,
at whose door should the blame lie?
The lie lay heavy on his conscience.[CHORUS]

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